The Hunting of the Hare.

With her laſt Will and Teſtament.

As 'twas perform'd on Bamſtead downs,
By Cony-catchers, and their hounds.
To a pleaſant new Tune.

OF all delights that Earth doth yéld,
Give mée a pack of hounds in field:
Whoſe eccho ſhall throughout the ſky
Make Jove admire our harmony,
and wiſh that he a mortal were
to view the paſtime we have here.

I will tell you of a rare ſcent,
Where many a gallant horſe was ſpent
On Bamſtead Downs a Hare we found
Which lead us all a ſmoaking round;
o're hedge and ditch away ſhe goes,
admiring her approaching foes.

but when ſhe found her ſtrength to waſt
She parleyed with the hounds at laſt:
Kind hounds, quoth ſhe forbear to kill
A harmleſs Hare that never thought ill,
and if your Maſter ſport do crave,
I'le lead a ſcent as he would have,

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haſte, I ſay, and get thee gone,
We'l give thee law for half a mile,
To ſée if thou canſt us beguile;
but then expect a thundring cry,
made by us and our harmony.

Now ſince you ſet my life ſo ſlight,
I'l make black ſlowen turn to white:
And Yorkſhire Gray that runs at all,
I'le make him wiſh he were in ſtall,
or Dorrel he that ſeems to flye,
I'le make him ſupple e're he dye.

Let Barnards Bay do what he can,
Or Barrons Bay that now and than,
Did interrupt mée on my way,
I'le make him neither ſet nor play,
or conſtant Robin though he lye,
at his advantage, what care I.

Will Hatton he hath done mée wrong,
He ſtruck mée as I run along,
And with one pat made mée ſo ſore,
That I ran réeling to and fro;
but if I dye his Maſter tell,
that tail ſhall ring my paſſing bell.

Alas poor Hare 'tis our nature,
To kill thée, and no other creature,
For our Maſter wants a bit,
And thou wilt well become the ſpit,
he'l eat thy fleſh, we'l pick thy bone,
this is thy doom, ſo get thée gone.

45. 6. 22. 98.

Of all delights that earth doth yield,
Give me a pack of Hounds in field;
Whose Eccho shall throughout the Sky,
Make Jove admire our Harmony,
And wish that he a Mortal were,
to [illegible] the Pastime we have here.

45 6. 28. 999

I will tell you of a rare Scent,
Where many a Gallant Horse was spent
On Bamstead-Downs a Hare we found
Which led us all a smoaking round:
O're Hedge and Ditch away she goes
Admiring her approaching foes.

But when she found her strength to waste
She parly'd with the Hounds at last;
Kind Hounds (quoth she) forbear to kill,
A harmless Hare that ne'r thought ill
And if your Master sport do crave,
I'le lead a Scent as he would have.

Huntsman.

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haste, I say, and get thee gone;
We'l give the Law for half a Mile,
To see if thou canst us beguile:
But then expect a thundring cry,
Made by us and our Harmony.

Hare.

Now since you set my life so slight,
I'le make black-sloven turn to white,
And York-shire-Gray that runs at all,
I'le make him wish he were in stall:
And Sorrel, he that seems to flye,
I'le make him supple [illegible]

I'le make him [illegible]
On constant R[illegible]
At his advant[illegible]

Will Hatton he [illegible]
He struck me as [illegible]
And with our [illegible]
That I can [illegible]
But if he dye [illegible]
That fool sha[illegible]
H[illegible]

Alas poor Hare [illegible]
To kill thee and [illegible]
For our Master [illegible]
And thou wilt [illegible]
He Leat thy [illegible]
This is thy [illegible]

Your Master m[illegible]
For I am dry, [illegible]
But if he please [illegible]
He'd better give [illegible]
For I being [illegible]
And I must ha[illegible]

Alas poor Hare, [illegible]
If with our nat[illegible]
But all thy Dou[illegible]
Will not preva[illegible]
Th[illegible]

T[illegible]

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

YOur Maſter may have better chear,
For I am dry, and butter is dear,
But if he pleaſe to make a friend,
He'd better give a pudings end,
For I being kill'd the ſport he'l lack,
and I muſt hang on the Huntſmans back

Alas poor Hare we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree,
But all thy doubling ſhifts I fear,
Will not prevail, thy death's ſo near,
then make thy Will, it may be that,
may ſave thee, or I know not what.

Then I bequeathe my body free,
Unto your Maſters courteſie:
And if he pleaſe my life to grant,
He be his game when ſport is ſcant:
but if I dye each greedy Hound,
divides my entrails on the ground.

Imprimis, I bequeathe my head,
To him that a fair foul doth wed:
Who hath before her Maiden-head loſt,
I would not have the proverb croſt, (lets
with I have heard 'mongſt many quib-
ſet the Hares head 'gainſt the Goſe-
(gblets

Item, I do give and bequeathe,
To men in debt (after my death)
My ſubtle ſcent, that ſo they may,
Beware of ſuch as would betray,
them to a miſerable fate (gate.
by blood-hounds from the Compter-

Item, I to a turn-coat give
(That he may more obſcurely live)
My ſwift and ſudden doublings which,
Will make him politick and rich,
though at the laſt with many wounds
I wiſh him kill'd by his own hounds.

Item, I give into their hands,
That purchaſe Dean & Chapters lands,
My wretched jealouſies and fears,
Mixt with ſalt of Orphans tears,
that long vexations may perſever,
to plague them and their heirs for e-
(ver.

Before I dye (for breath is ſcant)
I would ſupply mens proper want,
And therefore I bequeath unto,
The Scrivener (give the Devil his due)
that Forgeth, Swears, and then For-
(ſwears
(to ſave his credit) both my Ears.

I give to ſome Sequeſtred man,
My skin to make a jacket on:
And I bequeathe my feet to they,
That ſhortly mean to run away,
(dumb,
when truth is Speaker, Falſe-news
Foxes muſt flye when Lions come.

To Fidlers (for all Trades muſt live)
To ſerve for ſtrings, my guts I give:
For Gameſters that do play at rat,
And love the ſport, I give my skut:
but (laſt of all in this ſad dump)
to Tower-hill I bequeathe my Rump

Was ever Hounds ſo baſely croſt?
Our Maſters calls us off ſo faſt,
That we the ſcent have almoſt loſt,
And they themſelves muſt rate the roſt,
therefore kind Hare we'l pardon you,
thanks gentle Hounds, and ſo adue.

And ſince your Maſter hath pardon'd me
I'le lead you all to Banbury,
Whereas John Turner hath a Room,
To entertain all Gueſts that come,
to laugh and quaff in Wine and Beer
a full carouſe to your Gallery.

FINIS.

London, Printed for Francis Grove on Snow hill.

BRITISH